

DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 4 of 12



DOOMSDAY CLOCK



MAY 2018



DOOMSDAY CLOCK 4

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GEOFF JOHNS

writer

GARY FRANK

illustrator

BRAD ANDERSON

colorist

ROB LEIGH

letterer

AMIE BROCKWAY-METCALF

back matter design

GARY FRANK & BRAD ANDERSON

cover and variant cover

AMEDEO TURTURRO

associate editor

BRIAN CUNNINGHAM

editor

Watchmen created by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons.

Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

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SYRUP GLISTENS. SEEPS INTO BUTTER-SOAKED FLAPJACKS STACKED HIGH. SILVER FORK WITH INITIALS ON END WAITS TO BE PICKED UP.

I SEE WHAT I WANT TO SEE.

BUT PLATE SMELLS OF BLEACH AND SWEAT-SOAKED RAGS.



THERE IS NO FORK.



THERE ARE NO PANCAKES.



WHAT ARE YOU STARIN' AT? MOVE IT!

NEXT!

JOEY KENNEDY LIVED ACROSS STREET. YELLED SLURS. STOLE LUNCH MONEY. MADE ME EAT HANDFUL OF WORMS.

EVEN CHEWED UP, THEY WIGGLED DOWN THROAT. PIECES STILL WIGGLING WHEN I THREW THEM UP.

NEVER FOUGHT BACK.

NEVER THOUGHT TO.



NEVER SAW SELF AS FIGHTER.

FISHHH...



DEE AND DUM ARE WATCHIN' YOU. THEY'LL GO FOR YOU. WON'T BE AS GENTLE AS ME...

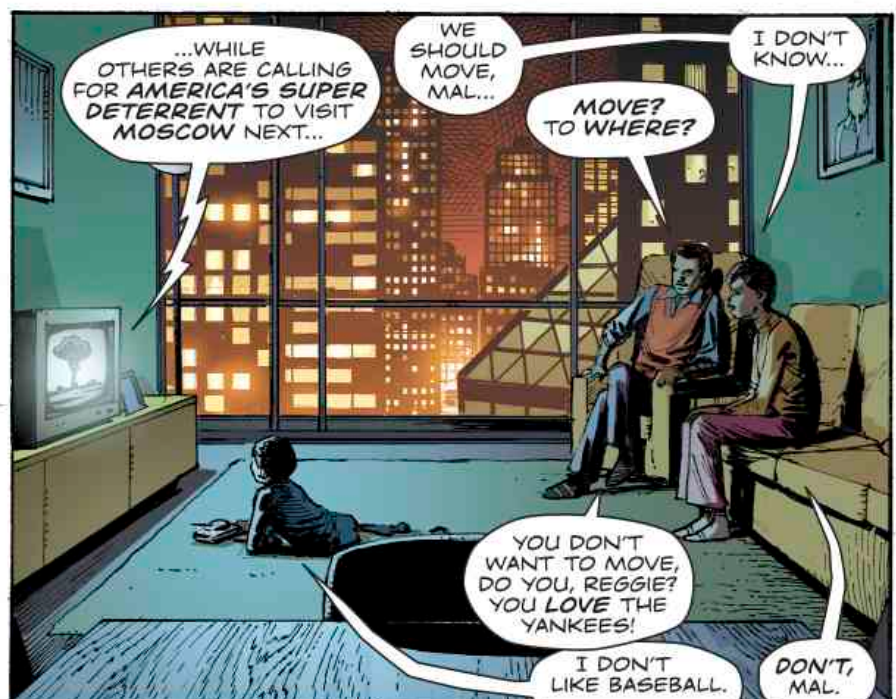
YOU SIT WITH ME... YOU EAT WITH ME... YOU BE WITH ME...

...I PROTECT YOU.

I PROTECT MY PROPERTY.



WAS FIVE YEARS OLD THE FIRST TIME I SAW A MUSHROOM CLOUD.





never comfortable
meeting new people.

AAAAAA!



JOEY KENNEDY MADE
ME EAT WORMS.

never
fought
back.



never
thought
to...



WE ASKED HECTOR GODFREY,
THE FRONTIERSMAN'S EDITOR,
IF HE HAD ANY COMMENT...

MMMMMM

OH, YES,
BABY...

FRANKLY,
ISN'T IT TIME
WE REASSESSED
RORSCHACH, AS A
PATRIOT AND AN
AMERICAN?

OH HHHH

DO YOU
MIND?



CAN YOU, LIKE, FIND
ANOTHER ROOM, JOSH? THIS
PAPER'S DUE TOMORROW...



FOLLOWING A
TENSE BAIL HEARING,
KOVACS AWAITS TRIAL,
PENDING A PSYCHIATRIC
EVALUATION.

DR. MALCOLM LONG,
CARRYING OUT THE
EVALUATION, HAS HIS FIRST
INTERVIEW WITH KOVACS
THIS AFTERNOON.



HEY! ISN'T THAT YOUR
DAD?

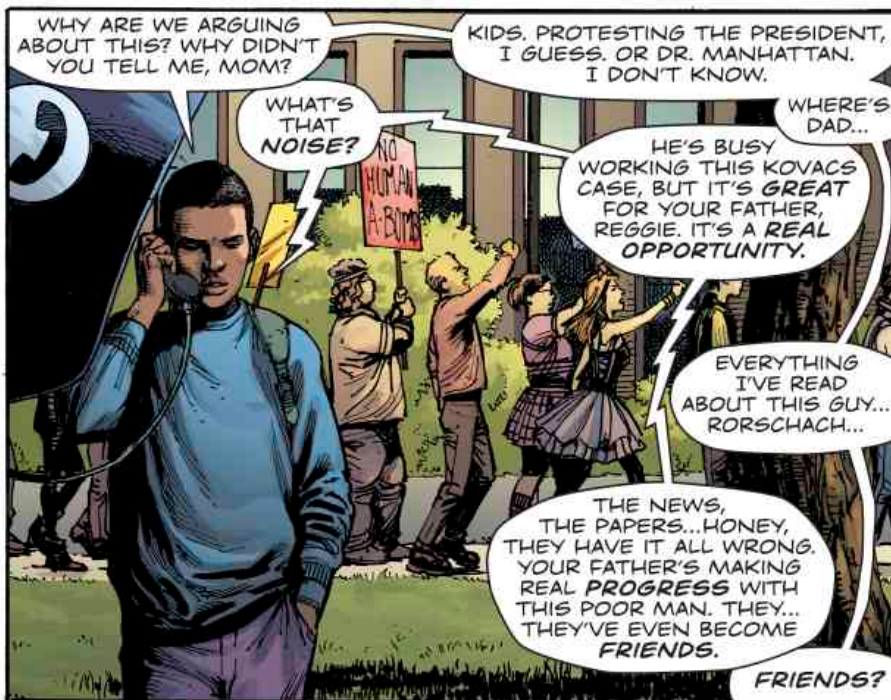
THAT'S
YOUR DAD?

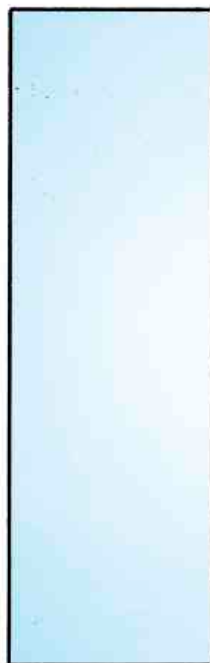


HE TOLD
PRESSMEN HE FELT
"CONFIDENT AND
OPTIMISTIC."

DAD SAID WE'RE
ALL SEARCHING FOR
ENLIGHTENMENT.











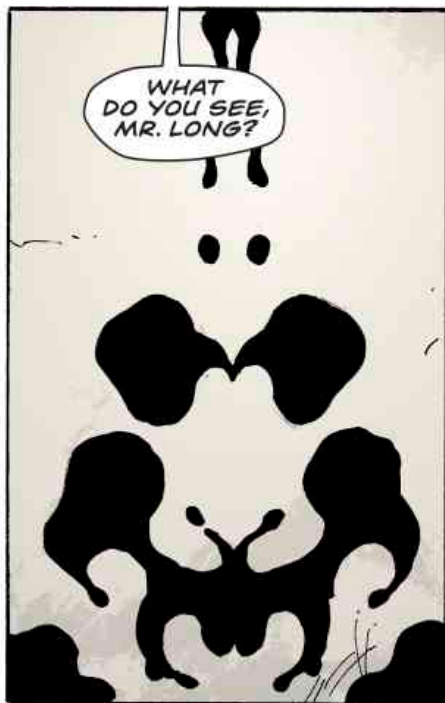






WALK ON WATER





WHAT
DO YOU SEE,
MR. LONG?



P-PLEASE...
I DON'T WANT TO
LUH-LOOK...

AND WE
DON'T WANT TO
SEND YOU BACK
TO SHOCK
THERAPY.



"WHAT YOU SEE
MATTERS TO US."



ALTHOUGH THE PROBABILITY OF ITS
KIND RETURNING IS EXTREMELY
LOW, WE'RE CONCERNED THIS
INVADER MAY HAVE CO-OPTED
THOSE WHO SURVIVED.

BRAINWASHED
THEM INTO
SLEEPER
AGENTS FOR
A SECOND
ATTACK.

UHUHUUH

SHHHUCH?

CHRIST,
STOP
CRYING...



"I VISUALIZE IT.
I PICTURE IT RIGHT
UP HERE."

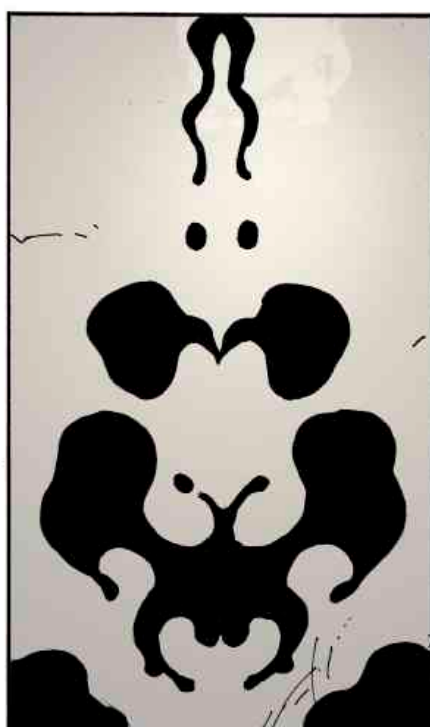
TAKE HIM
DOWN THE HALL.
RAISE THE VOLTAGE
TO 450.



I SEE WHAT
I WANT TO
SEE.



WAIT,
I...
I SEE...

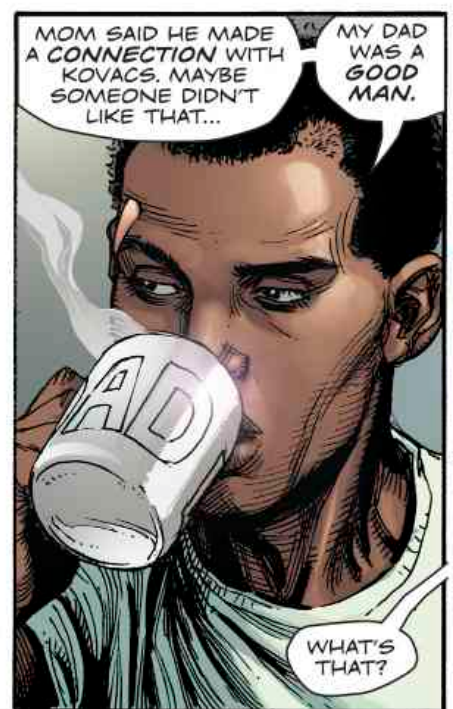


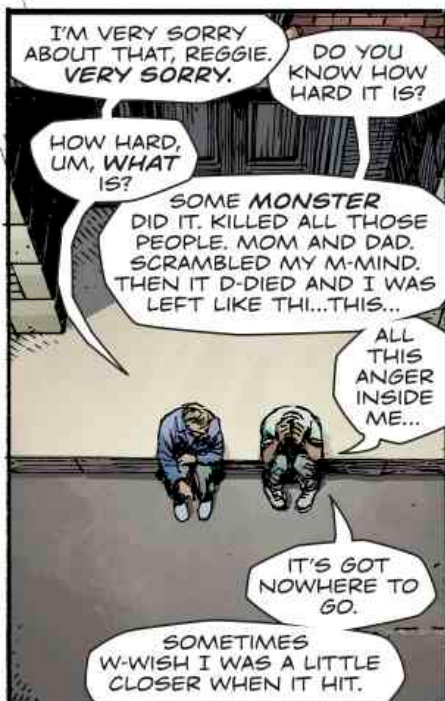
I SEE A
MOTH.

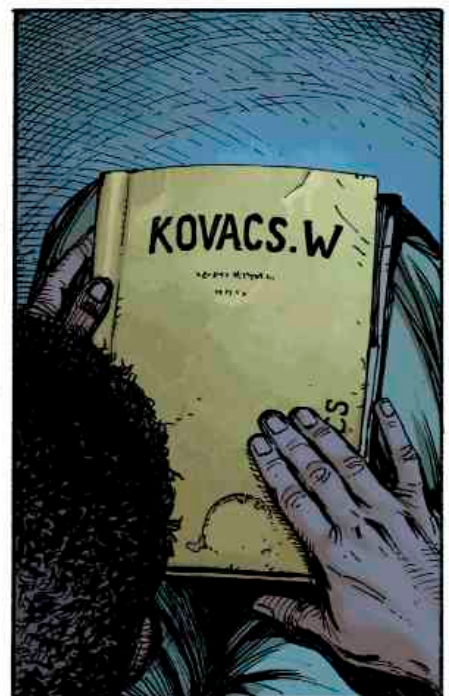


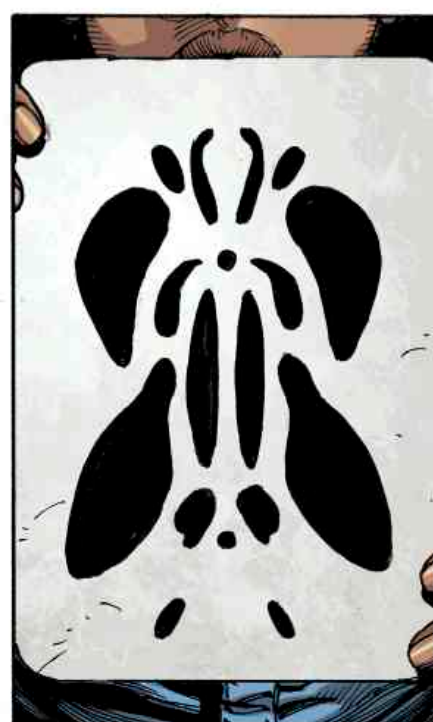


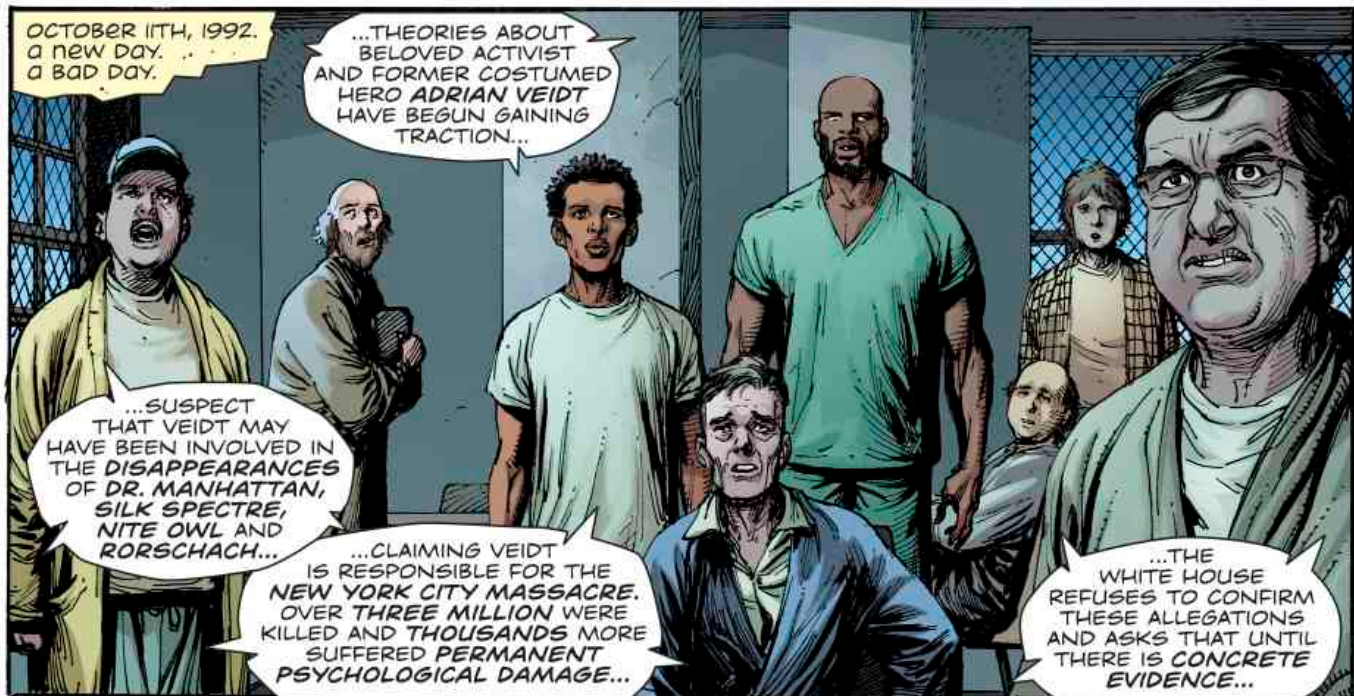


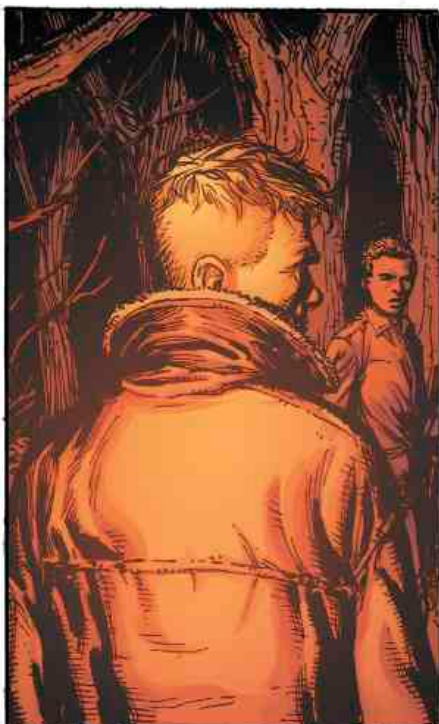
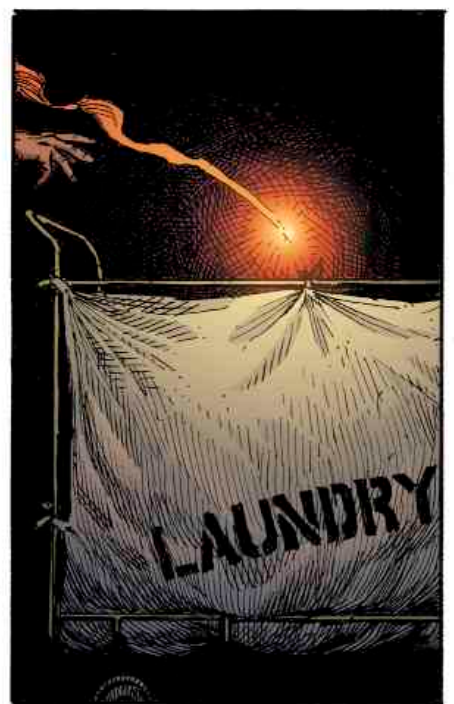






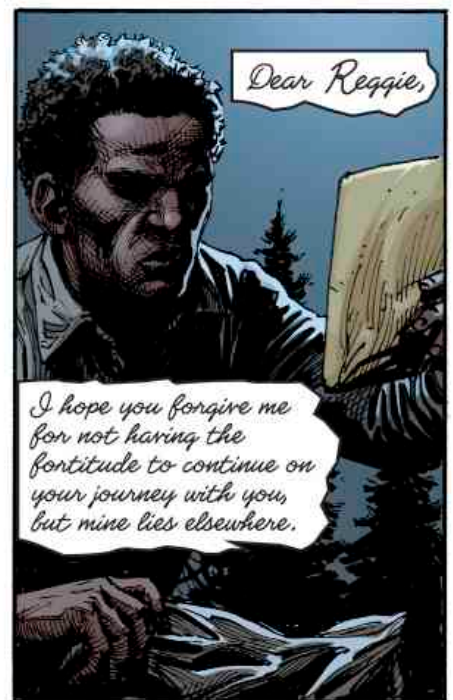




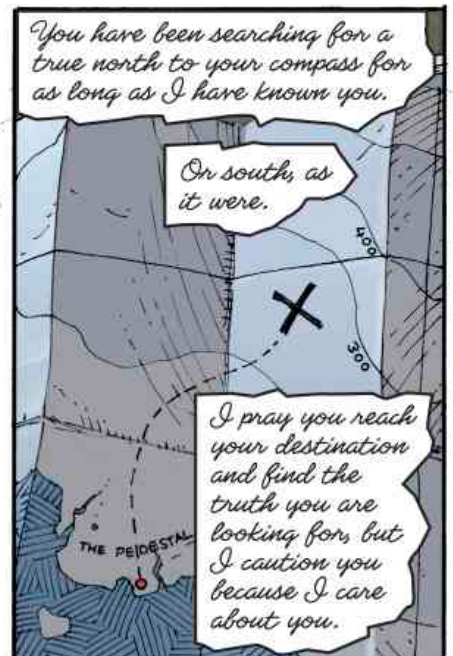


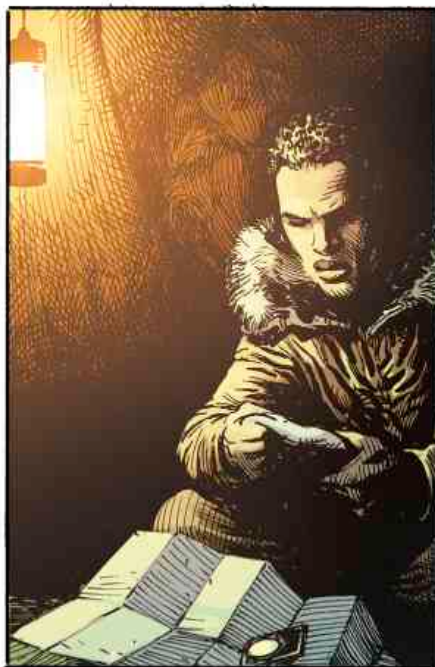
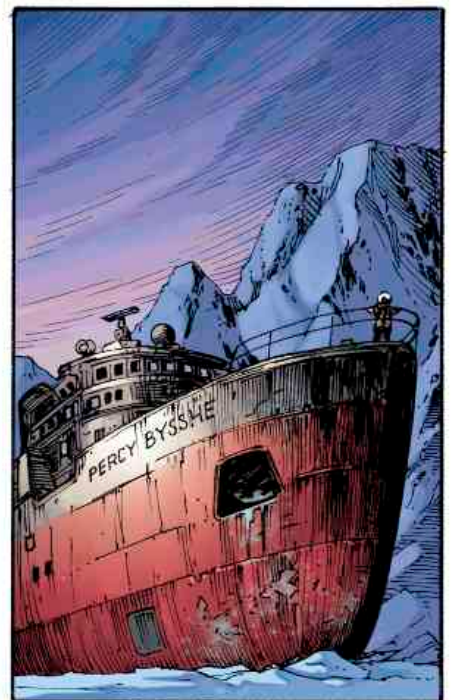
WHAT IS IT?
WHY ARE YOU
STOPPING?

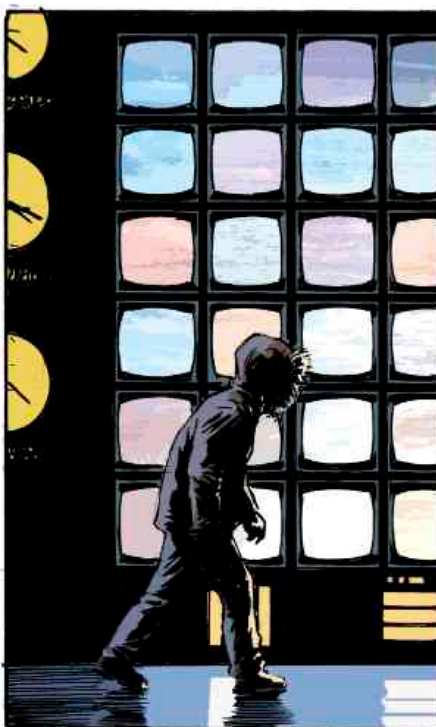


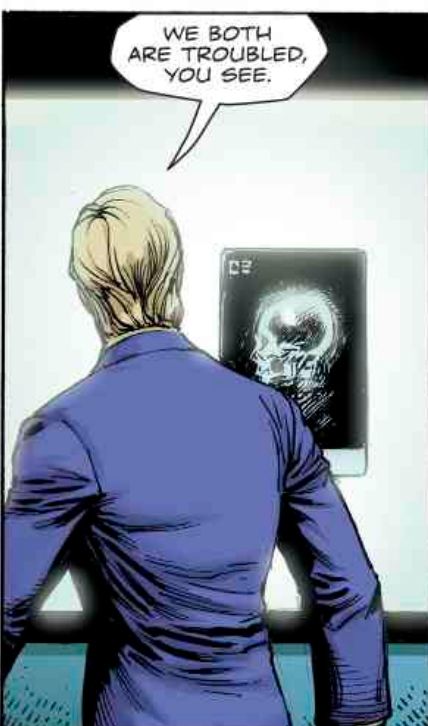


I hope you forgive me for not having the fortitude to continue on your journey with you, but mine lies elsewhere.









IF YOU'RE
HERE TO
KILL ME...

...I MIGHT THANK YOU
IF YOU MAKE IT QUICK...
WHOEVER YOU ARE.

OBVIOUSLY,
YOU'RE NOT
WALTER
KOVACS.

AND I CAN'T
IMAGINE YOU WERE
A FRIEND OF HIS
EITHER...

I...I'M
RORSCHACH.

YOUR CLOTHES
ARE WET, YOU'RE SUFFERING
FROM HYPOTHERMIA. I'D ALSO
GUESS YOU PROBABLY HAVEN'T
EATEN IN A FEW DAYS.

WE BOTH
ARE TROUBLED,
YOU SEE.

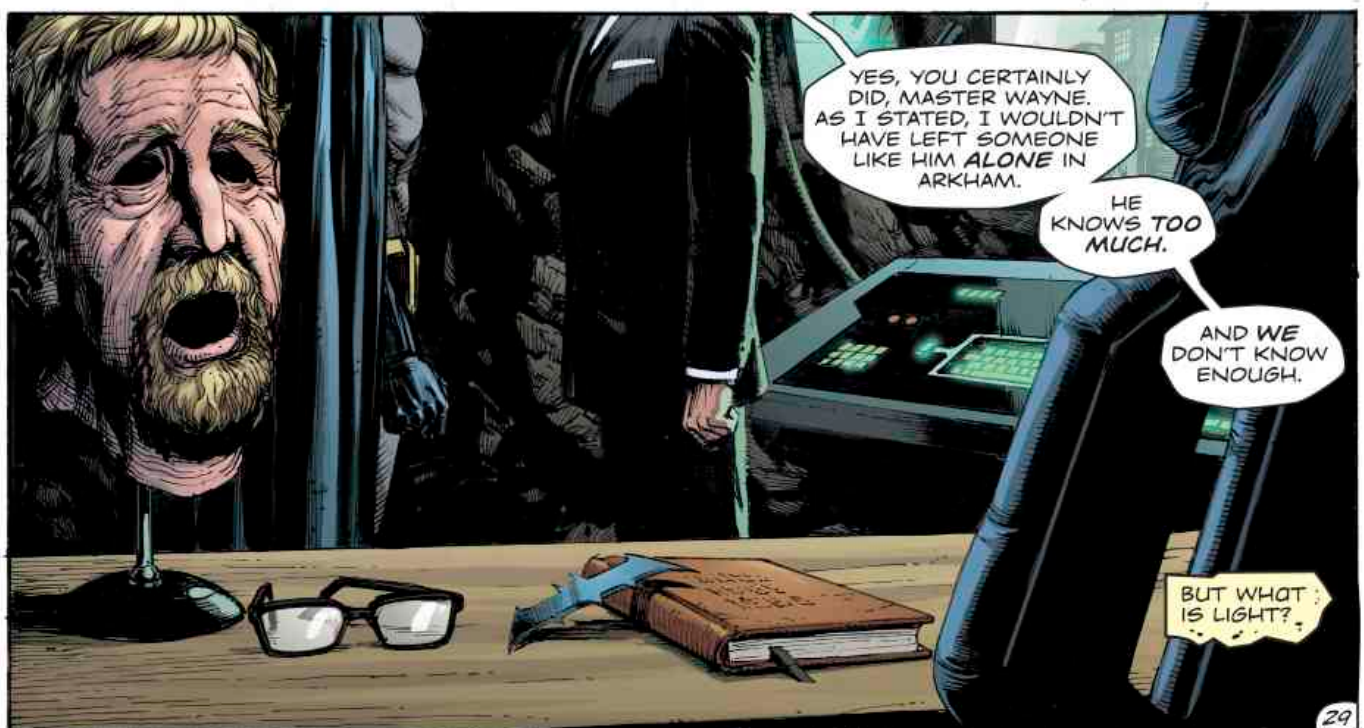
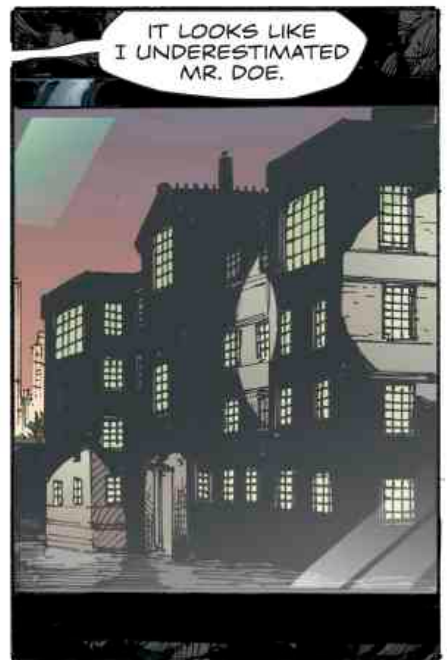
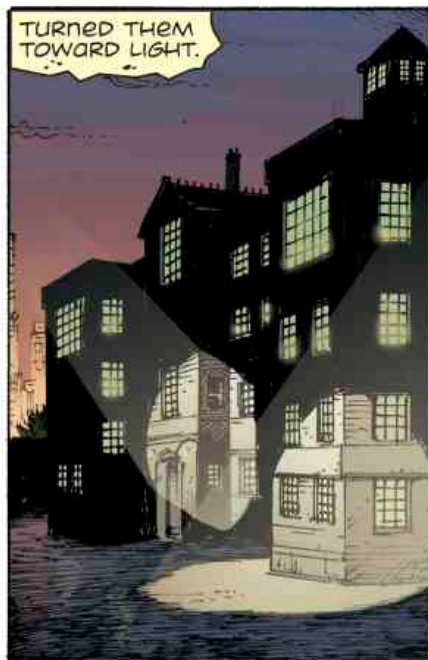
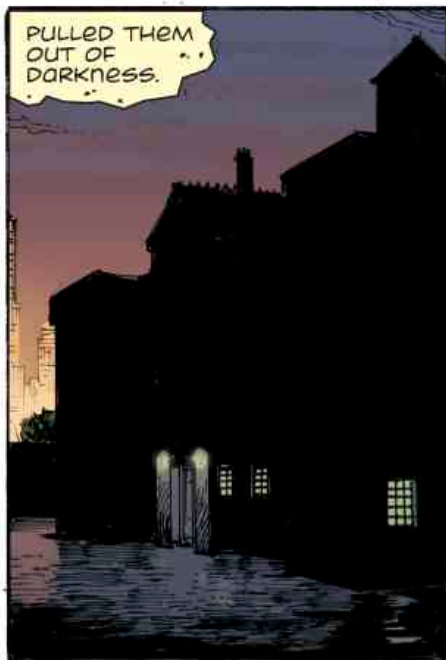
I HAVE A GLIOBLASTOMA
GROWING IN MY FRONTAL
LOBE.

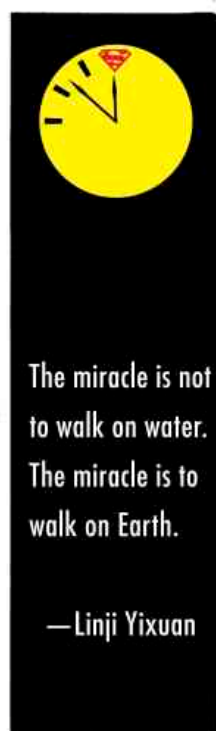
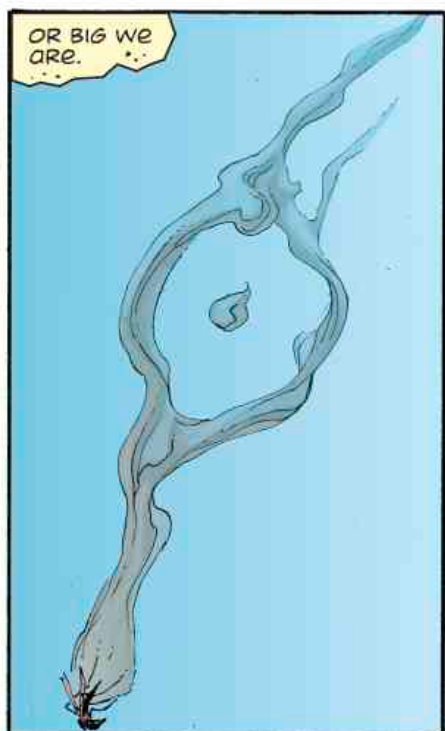
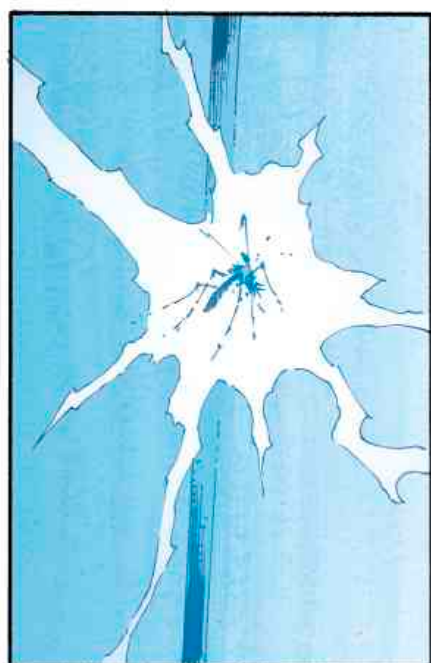
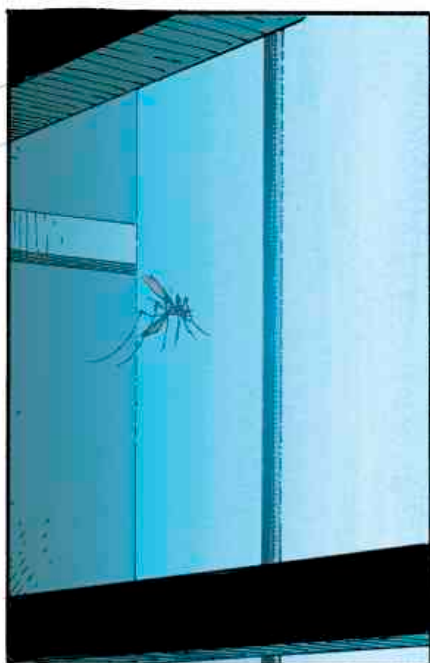
AND
UNFORTUNATELY,
THE ONLY PERSON
I'D TRUST TO
OPERATE ON
SOMETHING LIKE
THIS...IS
MYSELF.

FEB 10









December 19th, 1962



Dearest Betty,

I continue to write to you with deep love and a desperate hope that you might one day write your older brother in return. I do not know if I have an incorrect address, if you have thrown away my letters unopened or if you refuse to converse with me out of respect for father's request to "act as if I were dead." Perhaps raising the girls by yourself you simply haven't had the time to get reply. I still mourn Jack's death and am certain he was a wonderful husband and father and I wish I had gotten to know him better. I often wonder if I would have been better off enlisting as he did to make a difference rather than pursuing my own foolish dreams.

I understand from Mr. Grunk that the public exposure of my adventuring and subsequent stay at Fitzgerald has caused our parents and you a great deal of stress. He came to visit yesterday, smelling of tobacco and peppermints as he did when we were children. I agreed to Mr. Grunk's request that father take control of my financial assets as long as you are the beneficiary, once the lawyer fees are accounted for. I assure you, the last thing I ever set out to do was hurt the people I love the most, especially you.

There have been many horrific things said about me in the press since my breakdown. A knot has grown permanently within my stomach. Although I wish to defend myself from these terrible accusations, I fear there is enough truth within some of them that I have no defense on which to stand. I therefore can only once again apologize for being a disappointment and embarrassment, to you more than anyone else, as you have been the most kind, generous and loving person in my life.

I would hope you find it in your heart to return one of my letters or even come and see me. I'd very much like to apologize in person and see how big the children have gotten. I love you.

Your dearest brother,

Byron

THE FITZGERALD MENTAL HOME

1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE, WATERVILLE 04, MAINE

June 25th, 1974

Dearest Betty,

I know I missed sending you a letter last week and I wanted to apologize. A friend of mine was killed in a freak automobile accident last Monday that left him decapitated and I was quite shaken. Then on Tuesday, I was forced to attend a new class at Fitzgerald called "Hurting the One You Love" that left me in tears.

I realize that my behavior may have, even now, a negative effect on those closest to me. And despite not seeing or hearing from you in over a decade, there is no one closer to me in my life than my sister. However, as lonely as I am, I realize that my letters to you may be unsettling. I want to assure me in my letters to you and the rest of the family and I would also now understand that my letters to you may be unsettling. I want to assure you, I have nothing but love for you. Perhaps that fear is what has kept you from writing back or seeing me all these years?

Betty, I am also pleased to tell you that you will be contacted soon by an estate lawyer named Mr. Frederick J. Charles. He will be delivering to you a check in the amount of \$70,000. I inherited quite a bit from my dear friend who I mentioned above. I had forgotten I loaned him money over the years, but he remembered and had invested it well. I wish I had stayed in touch with him. I never would have guessed he gave me a moment's thought after I was admitted. It gives me hope for us.

If you are so inclined, once you receive the check I am hoping that you might purchase and send me the items listed below under the understanding that you will keep the remaining money for yourself and the girls.

- 18 feet of 3/8 millimeter aluminum alloy tubing
- 40 feet of quarter inch metal cable
- Cable cutters
- 3 rolls, 700 yards each, of polyester cloth (polyethylene terephthalate fabric)
- One pair of goggles

Of course, if this makes you uncomfortable in any way keep the money for yourself and I will find another way to attain the above.

Truthfully, I don't expect a reply as I have yet to receive one in the years I've been writing to you, but I hope you keep this letter, and that you have kept all of them, as a reminder of how much you mean to me. If it were not for them, I would surely have lost my mind by now.

Your dearest brother,

Byron



November 19th,

Dearest Betty,

As the snow covers the grounds like a cotton blanket outside my window, I can't help but go back to the Christmas Eve of nearly forty years ago. It was 1927, I was fifteen and you were one week shy of eight. We had just moved into that great house on the hill by the creek. Father was still at the office while Mother was busy unpacking the kitchen. So she sent us into town to pick up a smoked ham. She gave us two dollars to bring back the biggest we could find. Whatever change was left, we were allowed to spend on whatever we wished. On the way to the market, we made a list in our heads. Of licorice, drawing paper and crayons. We spent the afternoon spoiling our dinner with our favorite sweet treat and coloring pictures. Me of airplanes and you of rainbows they could fly over. Father was not happy when he came home, yelling at Mother and us, angry, we had wasted money on such silly things. They got into an awful fight and he left. Christmas morning, Father came back and admitted to all of us that he had lost his job the day before. The job that was supposed to pay for this great house on the hill by the creek. It was the only time I have ever seen Father cry. He held us tight as he did. All of us. And I remember thinking how lucky we were to be part of such a family. I often wonder what he might say to me if he came here. Would he scold me for being a dreamer still? Or ~~maybe~~ would he shed a tear and say he missed me as much as I miss all of you? No matter, I suppose.

Your dearest brother,

Byron

THE FITZGERALD MENTAL HOME

1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE, WATERVILLE 04, MAINE

November 3rd, 1985

Dearest Betty,

The horrors we are confronted by
now dwarf every problem we've ever
faced. As a world. As a human being.

I would greatly ~~appreciate~~ appreciate a letter
to let me know that you and the girls are
safe and living well in Bethlehem,
Connecticut. I beg of you, Betty.
Please.

Just let me know you are all okay.

Your dearest brother,
Byron

fmh the fitzgerald mental home
1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE, WATERVILLE, MAINE

Dearest Betty,

November 8th, 1985

Thank you so much for the flowers. I admit, I burst into
tears when I received them and saw your note as the sender. There
are no words to express how happy I am to hear from you after all of
these years. I am relieved you are safe. I love you very much. Thank
you, Betty, thank you.
I had almost given up.

Your dearest brother,
Byron

fmh the fitzgerald mental home
1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE, WATERVILLE, MAINE 04901

Dearest Betty,

December 5th, 1985

I was hoping to hear from you again after the flowers but I remain
patient. Yesterday, I met the most extraordinary young man. He was one
of the unfortunate victims of the New York City massacre and he suffers
greatly. He sees things that are not there most of the time. Horrible and
disturbing images I dare not write down might they stick in your brain as
they do his. These nightmares have kept him awake and nearly driven him
to take his own life. But I know I can help this young man. I believe my
experiences are uniquely suited to what he needs. In fact, I feel renewed
with a sense of purpose for the first time since I flew across the sky.
Incidentally, I apologize if you got wind of my adventures last night.
I did fly, naked, but for good reason.

Your dearest brother,
Byron



OBITUARIES
MR. BYRON LEWIS passed
away this Sunday, October 11, at
the age of 80. He was born in
Bethlehem, Connecticut, but
moved to New York to pursue a
career in engineering and
aviation. Mr. Lewis was one of
the latest private donors to "The
New York City Massacre Victims
Fund", and an advocate of mental
health programs. Funeral
services for Mr. Lewis will be
held at 9 o'clock Friday morning
at the Fitzgerald Mental Home at
21 Second Street North, Wat-
erville, Maine, where he
has been a resident for
the past years.

THE Fitzgerald MENTAL HOME

1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE
WATERVILLE, MAINE 04901

October 17th, 1992

Dearest Betty,

This will be my last letter to you. I want you to know I'm happy and
my love for you will continue on forever. Father and Mother are
waiting for me. They've forgiven me. I saw them.
And I'll see you again, too.

Your dearest brother,
Byron



SPECIAL SNEAK PREVIEW

From the pages of
DARK NIGHTS: METAL

**ANDY
KUBERT
SCOTT
SNYDER
AARON
GILLESPIE**

**EXPLORERS
OF THE
UNKNOWN**

NEW CHALLENGERS

A new monthly series
MAY





SOMEWHERE OVER THE HIMALAYAS.
THEN.

I'M A
FOOL!

KROOM

NEW CHALLENGERS PART ONE

SCOTT SNYDER & AARON GILLESPIE Writers
ANDY KUBERT Pencils KLAUS JANSON Inks
BRAD ANDERSON Colors DERON BENNETT Letters
REBECCA TAYLOR Editor

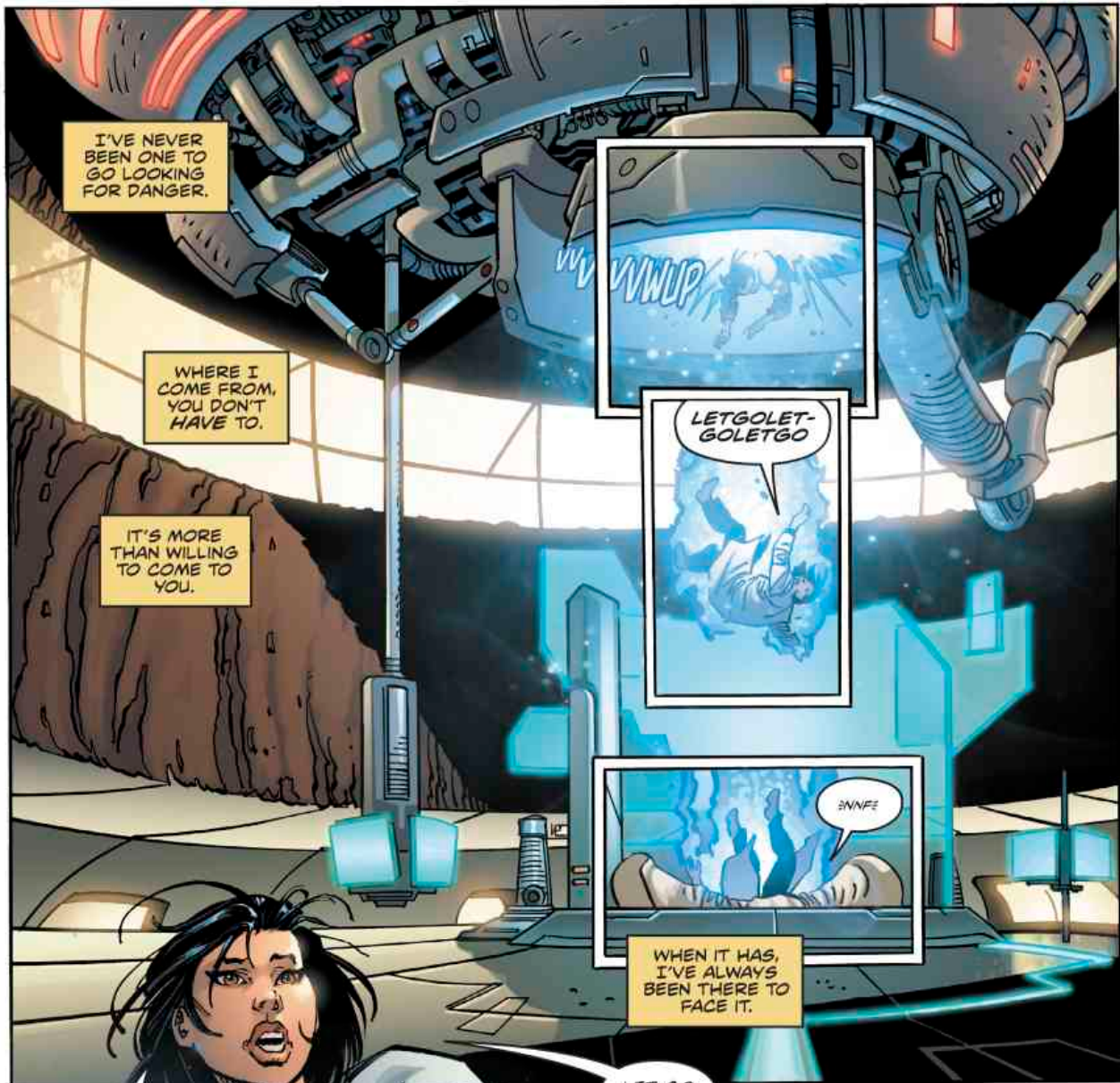


KRAKADOOM





COLORADO.
NOW.



THE NEW AGE OF
DC
HEROES



WVWVWV
CUT IT KINDA
CLOSE, DON'T
YOU THI--



WHOA
WHOA
WHOA.

YOU
KOBRA?

THIS PLACE
SCANS LIKE
KOBRA.



LOOK, DUDE,
I JUST GOT
HERE, TOO!

WHO ARE
YOU?



ROBERT BRINK,
SPYRAL.

SOMEONE
YANKED ME
HERE JUST AS
MY OP WAS
GOING PEAR-
SHAPED.



I'LL THANK
THEM AS SOON
AS I--



STOP. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
ANY OF THOSE
WORDS MEAN.



WE GOT A
CIVILIAN HERE.
NO PROBLEM.
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME, KID?



TRINA
ALVAREZ.

DON'T WORRY,
TRINA. I'LL
FIGURE THIS--



WVWV
INCOMING!





TO BE CONTINUED IN

NEW CHALLENGERS

#1

ON SALE IN MAY





**READ
THEM
ALL!**



**DAMAGE
THE
SILENCER
SIDEWAYS**



**THE
TERRIFICS**

**THE
IMMORTAL
MEN**

**THE CURSE
OF BRIMSTONE**

**NEW
CHALLENGERS**

**THE
UNEXPECTED**







GREEN LANTERN EARTH ONE

Earth One graphic novels tell standalone stories unconnected to the greater DC Universe featuring reimagined DC heroes. That was the appeal for co-writers Gabriel Hardman and Corinna Bechko, who are giving intergalactic hero Hal Jordan a more grounded sci-fi reality.

Hardman explains, "We wanted to make an accessible version of Green Lantern, where you don't have to know everything about this character to appreciate this story. It starts at the beginning; it is an origin story.

But it's really just the story of how he becomes the guy he always hoped he could be."

"WE WANTED TO MAKE AN ACCESSIBLE VERSION OF GREEN LANTERN, WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS CHARACTER TO APPRECIATE THIS STORY."

"In the beginning of our book," says Bechko, "we're dealing with an Earth that doesn't even know if there are aliens. They don't know if there's other life in the universe. We're starting from a very basic place that's not a whole lot different from where we are.

Science fiction and technology that could exist—of course, it's a little more fantastical that you have a ring—but we kind of treat it as if it's technology that just seems like magic because we don't understand the tech, yet."

"It's a lot about the personal responsibility," Hardman explains. "It's not that the people given these rings are just intrinsically perfect people, and they go off and they do the right thing. It's what humans actually have to face. It's about making a decision to be a hero."

GREEN LANTERN: EARTH ONE, VOL. 1

co-written by **HARDMAN and BECHKO**
drawn by **GABRIEL HARDMAN**

Releases on **MARCH 14, 2018**



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The Last Kryptonian-DCP

